JUGGLED THE SPINAL CORD.

Remarkable Feat of a Surgeon Performed to Remove the Effect of a Buffet Wound.

DR. J. W. NORRIS, of Palmyra, Mo., is able to say that his spinal cord has been lifted entirely out of place, examined and put back again without permanent injury resulting.

An instrument of the most powerful X ray type had failed to locate a bullet which had been fired into Dr. Norris's back, and so he was taken to the Baptist Hospital in St. Louis. Here the doctors said the chances were that his life could be saved if he could endure the operation to which medical science has given the frightful name of laminectomy. Dr. A. C. Bernays performed the operation.

The doctors were satisfied that the bullet had penetrated the bone and was lodged somewhere near the spinal cord. It was to find this bullet and to relieve the pressure it was believed to exert upon the spinal cord that the operation was performed.

The patient, although he knew the operation was a life and death matter, was cool and collected. An anaesthetic was administered. Gently the patient was placed in position, and in less time than it takes to tell it the keen knife in the hands of Dr. Bernays had made its way through the flesh. Finally the backbone was reached and the flesh on each side of the long cut was laid back, exposing seven or eight inches of the vertebrae to view.

The delicate work of removing quarter sections of the joints in the backbone so as to expose the spinal cord began. With an instrument made for the purpose Dr. Bernays cut out a thick wedge-shaped section of one of the backbone joints, leaving exposed plainly to view the spinal cord, inclosed in its filmy sac. Another and another of these wedge-shaped pieces were taken out, until about five inches of the spinal cord were exposed to view, sections of bone having been taken from four of the vertebrae.

The lungs and heart were both perceptibly affected, and the patient for a time seemed on the point of collapse; but the dangerous symptoms ceased, and the operation was then proceeded with. It was found that the damage done by the bullet resulted from its passage through the bone, and that the ball itself was not affecting the patient in any way. Finally, Dr. Bernays lifted the spinal column entirely out of its bed in the bone a distance of 5 inches.

It was found that the ball, in its passage, had pressed a portion of the bone into the spinal canal in such a way as to press heavily against the spinal cord and was the probable cause of the total paralysis of Dr. Norris's lower limbs. This obstruction, which was about the size of a pea, was removed with a sharp bone chisel and forceps. As the bullet was not thought to be doing any damage, it was not removed.

After the bony obstruction in the spinal canal had been removed, the spinal cord was put back into place, the vertebrae were replaced, the flesh put back and the incision sewed up. The operation took just one hour and a quarter, and after it was over the patient recovered sufficiently from the shock to carry on a conversation.

The Proper Way to Give a Five o'Clock Tea.

In a Mansion, a Small House or a Harlem Flat.

BY THE SUNDAY JOURNAL'S SOCIETY DICTATOR.

IT IS IMPROPER FOR WOMEN TO CROSS THEIR FEET IN COMPANY.

IT IS IMPROPER TO WEAR AN ALPINE HAT WITH A FROCK COAT.

T KEEP YOUR HANDS IN YOUR POCKETS BEFORE LADIES IS IMPROPER.

IT IS IMPROPER TO SERVE PEAS IN SAUCERS.

THE afternoon tea is one of the most convenient forms of entertaining in the land. It can be just what the hostess may choose to make it, an informal call or a formal afternoon reception. But whichever it may be, there are certain rules of etiquette governing the giving of an afternoon tea. In preparing to give a formal afternoon tea, which is in reality a reception, it is not as one might suppose, proper to send printed invitations. Instead the hostess merely sends her calling card to her various friends. If she is to be at home Tuesdays in November, for example, her card will read Mrs. John Jones, No. 216 Lenox avenue, and in the left hand corner will be engraved Tuesdays in November. This card is sent out about a week before the first Tuesday in November and society women who receive it understand that the hostess is inviting them to a formal afternoon tea or reception. The gown suitable for such a reception is one's very best calling costume. The wrap is always taken off before entering the parlor, but the bonnet and gloves are not removed. Large hats for such an occasion are quite as permissible as a bonnet.

The maid or butler who opens the door will generally present to the caller a card tray. In this she is supposed to leave her calling card. If the butler or maid does not have this tray it will be found in the room where her wraps are removed. She is expected upon entering the parlor to shake hands with the hostess, and after saying a word or two of greeting to quickly mingle with the other guests in the room. If the affair is a large one and the drawing rooms are crowded it is not necessary to say good-night to the hostess. The hours for a formal afternoon tea of this description are from 4 to 7.

The most appropriately dressed hostess will wear an elaborate dinner gown. It may be slightly decollete, but the sleeves should at least reach to the elbow, where they are joined by long gloves. In the room off the drawing room, where the hostess receives her guests, the table is spread. Here bouillon is served by the butler or a capped and aproned maid. In addition to the bouillon there are dainty caviare sandwiches, salads, creamed oysters, ices, fancy cakes and bonbons. The table is always decorated with flowers and prettily lighted.

Should the hostess wish she may have little tables instead of the one large one, and at each of the small tables a pretty girl should preside. In this case tea will be served at one table and chocolate at another, and the salads and oysters will be banished, and only cakes, bonbons and sandwiches served, with, perhaps, an ice. But it is not only the women of wealth and luxurious homes who are in a position to give a five o'clock tea; it is equally as possible to the hospitable little woman who lives in a small uptown apartment.

When the five o'clock tea is to be given under the latter conditions, no invitations whatever are issued. The hostess merely informs her friends verbally of her day at home, and cordially askes them to drop in and have a cup of tea with her.

On that afternoon she must be seated in front of her blazing urn, gowned in one of her prettiest frocks. She should have a few cut flowers about the room, and her tea table should be in its very best order. Beside the cup of tea she need offer her friends nothing more than a wafer or a dainty sandwich, or she may have bonbons and ice, if she so wishes. Let her remember that the true spirit of cordiality is what she must cultivate if she is anxious that her five o'clock tea be a success.

ANSWERS TO VARIOUS QUESTIONS FROM SUNDAY JOURNAL READERS WHO WANT TO BE PROPER AND POLITE.

Q.—Is it such a terrible breach of politeness for a young lady to cross her feet while sitting down in a parlor?

A.—Always—always—always—and anywhere, except in her own boudoir, perhaps, A "lady" as you designate her must be refined in everything she does. To cross legs and feet in public or parlor is the reverse of all that.

Q.—Should peas be eaten with a spoon? And should they be served in saucers?

A.—They certainly should not be eaten with a spoon. Use a fork as you would with your other vegetables. The use of saucers for vegetables has been relegated to country hotels with "lady waiters." Peas should be eaten on the dinner plate.

Q.—Is it permissible nowadays for gentlemen to stand around in the presence of ladies with their hands in their pockets?

A.—If they do so they are not "gentlemen." It is, alas, a common thing to see young men who pride themselves on their elegance in society daily commit this vulgarity. It is unpardonable.

Q.—Should a young lady drink wine when a young gentleman takes her out to dinner, and what kind shall she say she will take, and how much?

A.—This is a peculiar question to answer. In polite society young girls don't go out to dinner with young men, and don't drink wine in public unless chaperoned, and even then they wouldn't be allowed "much." If by "wine" you mean claret, that might be allowable in moderate quantity. A young girl when out with a "young gentleman" should not "take" champagne nor "much" of any "brew spirits or concoction," for evident reasons.

Q.—At the end of a small dinner, who gives the signal for leaving the table, and how is it done?

A.—The hostess always makes the sign for retiring, and she does so by merely rising gracefully from her seat.

Q.—Because I have been formally introduced to a young lady does that give me the privilege of bowing and speaking to her the next time I see her?

A.—If you have met her in a formal way at a reception or ball, and have merely acknowledged the introduction by a bow, you must not venture to claim her acquaintance before she speaks or bows first to you.

Q.—Is it proper to wear an Alpine hat with a Prince Albert?

A.—No. Although the Prince of Wales has recently had a picture taken in a frock coat with an Alpine hat in his hand.

A CORRECT WAY FOR A WOMAN TO SIT IN COMPANY.

IT IS CORRECT TO WEAR A HIGH HAT WITH A FROCK COAT.

EMPLOY YOUR HANDS IN COMPANY IN SOME EASY AND GRACEFUL WAY.

PEAS SHOULD BE EATEN FROM THE DINNER PLATE.

WILL WOMAN BE A TRAMP?

Mrs. Izetta M. Wetherell Tells Us the Next Generation Will See Female Hoboes.

A WOMAN now tells us that if machinery replaces labor in the future as it has in the past, the next generation will see this country flooded with female tramps.

Mrs. Izella M. Wetherell, of St. Louis, makes this astonishing statement, and advances a host of facts in support of her assertion. "The machinery problem is serious," she says. "A laundry puts in two machines and deprives twenty-five girls of work. Labor-saving machinery is doing this all over the country, but only capital is reaping the benefit. It should be equitably divided between capital and labor.

"The women themselves are more to blame for women being out of work and poorly paid than is the introduction of machinery. If women would organize and demand better wages it would be better not only for the women, but for the men. Eugene Debs, in formulating his plan for colonizing the workingmen, overlooked the women entirely. It was a serious oversight.

"The constant increase in the number of women employed in various callings is one of the most important factors in the scarcity of work for men. Three hundred thousand men are now out of work because their places have been taken by women.

"Too many married women with husbands to support them and young girls with homes are doing the work which women dependent upon their labor for a living should be doing. One effect of working women organizing would be to diminish the number of those who work simply for pin money or to keep from being idle. These women not only take work from those who need it, but they keep wages down.

"The only hope for women is an organization, but it is uphill work. Many expect to marry, and hence take no interest in any effort to better the condition of working women. Many others take no interest in themselves. They are mere machines, who hardly look beyond the day's work and the pittance received for it.

"The women will not stand together like men, in a body. They wrangle among themselves and forget the real purpose of their organization.

"Trade unionism has been the means of accomplishing much, but competition on the one hand and trade unionism on the other are a means of warfare belonging to a less civilized state.

"The love of the home seems to be dying out alike among the working women and the young married women of the wealthy class. The working women are too much occupied in their daily labor and the rich young women in the frivolities of society. The cares of home life are a greater burden to them than the pleasure derived from it. This is a dangerous tendency, which should be corrected. The home is the anchorage of woman.

"Too many young women enter business life with no serious thought beyond remaining in it until the first chance presents itself of catching a husband.

AROUND NEW YORK WITH THE QUEEREST VISITOR WE EVER HAD.

(Continued from Page 17.)

"Ob-lusk," repeated Ahtungnah. She gazed at the shaft for a moment in silence.

"How get there?" she appealed. "Must take many dogs. Why put there?"

The answer was not satisfactory to Ahtungnah's intelligence. The Obelisk was curious. It had come from far away, like herself. Some people thought it was almost beautiful.

"What use it?"

She sniffed disdainfully.

That anything should serve a purpose in ornamentation or the gratification of curiosity the woman from the Northland could not understand, or, understanding, disapproved. Hers was a utilitarian view of everything. Had she been a little more analytic she might have agreed with Carmen: "What is honor? Can you eat it? Can you drink it? Can you buy with it? Then of what use is it? None."

Out upon Riverside Drive, and there was a gleam of genuine, comprehending interest in Ahtungnah's little, brown eyes. She followed the broad sweep of the Hudson till it was lost in a distant curve of sinuous green.

"Big lake! When freeze many walrus, much seal." And her brown face took on a greedy look. She was thinking of the wealth of blubber and hides of which the broad sheet held such generous promise to her. She was delighted when she saw men at work in a brick factory.

"Make great stone," she said, her eyes brightening wonderfully. Ahtungnah believed that stones have a market value, and she respected the brick-makers because they were producers; but for expanse of sky and river, of green hills rounding into far away, shadowy tints of purple, she cared nothing.

Beautiful women in picture hats and silks of the richest and softest drove past and looked curiously at the little barbarian. She returned their scrutiny with unseeing eyes. She was thinking of the men in the brick factory.

I tried to make clear to the small savage the manner of life of these human lilies. "They toil not, neither do they spin," I said in paraphrase. I told her of their luxurious pleasure-seeking, care-free lives.

"But they sew a little?" asked the Princess, looking at me with a doubt that was not complimentary.

Never. They lived to enjoy not to serve. They were beautiful butterflies bathing in lasting sunlight.

Ahtungnah frowned. How she would languish in such a life! Those women produced nothing. They only consumed. The small woman from the North delivered herself of her ultimatum:

"All women should scrape hides and sew," she said, and leaned back among the cushions with the air of finality I have seen a good deacon show when he said the play and the dance were inventions of the Evil One.

The Esquimau woman tittered when she saw a young woman sauntering along the promenade twirling her sunshade of violet silk. The young woman was a product of the higher feminine civilization. She was tall and slender. Her hair was blond, her eyes blue, her features patrician. She wore a tailor-made gown of Venetian weave, a hat with an abundance of black plumes. She was faultlessly gloved and booted. Yet her barbarian sister laughed until she wept at the sight. When she had dried her eyes in very primitive fashion, on her hair, I asked the cause of her laughter.

"Kuna so funny! So funny!" More laughter. "So little, so nothing here!" and she clasped her waist.

I explained how this constricted end was attained. Ahtungnah's face, as she was being initiated into the mysteries of stays, was a study. First it was horror that crept into the round eyes and curved the scarlet lips; then laughter succeeded, and then contempt.

"So glad I am I live in the white country, not the green," she said, with a little sigh of content. Then, "Don't their husband's whip them for it? No? But the babies they bear. Oh, the pity."

Wise little barbarian from the North!

Soon Ahtungnah saw a type of ultra-fashionable masculinity and again the brown face reflected mingled surprise and merriment.

"A man? Indeed a man?"

She studied the type from his shining tile to his angularly creased pearl gray trousers and his reflector-like shoes. She laughed long and told us what the type suggested to her. The simile was worthy of a savage. The chappie was a vessel's spar with an overturned kettle poised upon it in the eyes of Ahtungnah.

Past the tomb of General Grant, and the Arctic Princess heard the story of the man of heroic deeds and simple manners. She looked at the tomb in silence. For a long time she could not be persuaded to speak. The Esquimaux never speak of the dead. To their minds a word about the one departed is profanation. But positive little Ahtungnah was willing to generalize.

"They are bad men who fight and kill each other," she observed. "Walrus and whales and seals are made for them to kill. A man who kills another man should be thrown into the sea."

There was a suggestion of tenderness in the bead-like eyes when the woman saw a baby carriage being trundled along the drive. She touched the hood of her woollen garment in a reminiscent way. Time was when she carried nude, clamorous Weshakupse in the fur hood of her nachta. It seemed not long ago. There were two other babies, but they had died. The women of the Arctic Highlands bear few children and Ahtungnah's was esteemed a large family.

Did she like the dainty, lace-trimmed, pink-beribboned vehicle which the white-capped nurse was trundling along the drive? Not she. Babies were warmer and safer, as well as nearer their mother, in the hoods. This again with the air of one who knew.

The barbarian sat upright and looked blankly ahead. There was an expression of wonder in her eyes. I had not seen that startled interest before. What was it? A girl on a bicycle. The little brown woman's lips parted, her eyes grew large. She uttered a queer little guttural like the cluck of a frightened hen. She leaned far out of the carriage peering after the swift vision of wheels, and leggings, and sweater, and knickerbockers. She looked at me wonderingly. The apparition had driven away speech, but she moved her hands in clever imitation of a manipulation of the handle bars.

"What a strange, flying woman? Are there many in the green land?"

Ahtungnah thought that the wheels and crossbar were a part of the rider's organism, and when she saw a young woman alight from her bicycle she was afflicted with what nervous women call a sympathetic pain. It was long before she could be made to understand this American pastime.

"How swift! How swift!" she murmured in the soft voice of one who has lived amid the Arctic silences.

When a street car spun past she repeated this soft exclamation, and when the train rumbled past on the Elevated Railroad she said it reminded her of a loud-breathing whale overhead.

From a rise of ground at the north we had a bird's-eye view of the city. Ahtungnah looked long, sighed deeply, and said, "No like."

"Why?"

"Listen."

The distant, softened roar of a great city's activity throbbed about us in distinct pulsations like the beating of a giant heart. The little brown woman touched her narrow forehead with her blunt fingers.

"It make my head ache," she said. "I like only the wash, wash of the sea."

She looked at the spired-topped churches, the high flat roofs of monster buildings, the smoke from the factories.

"It is too much houses, but," and pride of place showed strongly in the round face, "there are so many men. You should have big settlement."

I showed the small woman the homes of the Vanderbilts. She was not much impressed.

"They kill many walruses for insides to make all the windows," she remarked indifferently.

Ahtungnah has looked upon her white world when at all through tiny windows made of the stretched entrails of the walrus, and the glazier's art is still an unfathomed mystery to her.

"Injuns! Whoop!" yelled a bootblack, when we stopped a moment at a downtown crossing, and one of the faces that peered impertinently in at the carriage windows was a grinning yellow one, framed by shaven tonsure and queue coiffure.

Ahtungnah gazed in surprise at the genius of the laundry, laughed softly and put out her hand to touch the ugly face of the Chinaman. He drew back with something like alarm and she laughed again.

She was awed a little by the sight of the graceful span of Brooklyn Bridge. She silently watched the boats passing beneath it, then laid a nervous little hand upon my sleeve.

"Kokalo made it to catch the ships," she said solemnly.

The highest buildings in New York brought from her the query:

"Did they carry the stones on their shoulders?" Told that the great blocks of stone were hoisted by steam she nodded and said: "That is right. It save the men work."

I had wanted to dine with the little brown woman at some uptown hotel, but this was not to be thought of. Seasoned foods are poison to the Esquimau palate and stomach and the colony may not depart from its Arctic regimen. I was disappointed for I would like to have seen the beady eyes grow reflective at sight of silver and linen and daintily served food. Instead we drove back to the Museum of Natural History, Ahtungnah exclaiming as we drove into the park: "Ah, here better place. I like live among rocks in tall grass." So she described the trees. "I like not New York. Too much house and people and noise. Oh the sounds!" And the little woman showed acute symptoms of metropolitana neurasthenia.

There is nothing in all New York the woman from the Arctic regions would like to make her own. She wanted some needles, but she had seen none. A bicycle—"Well"—hesitatingly—perhaps.

"New York is too warm." The perspiration rolling down her russet-hued cheeks proved this.

Ah! That day she came—that dreadful Friday—when she thought she would die. She could never forget that. It was hot, like the sun, and so much worse than seasickness.

Besides her husband, Nukta, her son, Weshakupse, the fop of the party; Keshu, the wealthy and voluble; Keshu's son, Mini-Keshu, and Ahtungnah's stepdaughter, of the euphonious name, Ah-wee, are Atungnah's companions in these limited quarters. Limited as are these quarters, the accommodations quite suffice for Ahtungnah's demands in the matter of space and propriety. In this habitat the little Esquimau colony will give learned professors of ethnology and anthropology some odd lessons in language and social customs. Some casts will be made of them, and my little friend, Ahtungnah, will live in plaster at the Museum long after she has sailed northward in the Hope and looked her last upon New York.

She will go back to Cape York, to the far away white country she likes so much better than the green, back to the queer custom of matrimonial exchange, to the society of her amiable kind, to ten months of night and two of day. She will carry back a supreme indifference to the city where she had seen nothing she wished for but—perhaps— a bicycle.

ADA PATTERSON.

A Lock of Napoleon's Hair in America.

A unique souvenir of the great Napoleon is kept in the family of his old nurse and attendant, being now in the possession of Professor Bagley, of Abilene, Kan. He is a native of the island of St. Helena, and his mother was one of the intimates of the guardians of Napoleon. When the Emperor lay dying his old nurse stole to his side and clipped from his head a lock of hair. Part of the lock she gave to Mr. Bagley's mother and she gave it to her son.

It is kept in a bottle and is black and gray, with a trace of brown. For forty years the bottle has been kept in a dark room, that the hair may not be injured by the light. There are about forty strands in all. The relic is held at a great value by the possessor. He has also some cloth from the coffin, a medal given by Napoleon and some other minor souvenirs from the island of St. Helena.

The only other portion of the body of Napoleon known to be on this continent is a single hair that Richard Watson Gilder once owned. He kept it in his watch case. When the watch was repaired he forgot to tell the jeweller of the precious contents. When he went to get it he asked: "Did you find anything in the case?"

"Yes," replied the workman, "there was a hair in there, but it is all right now—I blew it out."

"You blew out a piece of Napoleon Bonaparte," said the editor of the Century.